

# The Mirror

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## Sloperton Cottage,



### THE RESIDENCE OF THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

It would probably occupy four or six columns of the *Mirror* to describe the very interesting locality of this delightful and simply-elegant *cottage-ornée*. We may, however, briefly state, that it faces the beautiful woods of Bowwood, the picturesque and ancient demesne of Spye Park, and is just on the verge of Bowden Park, belonging to Mrs. Dickinson, and commanding the most extensive view in the county of Wilts. Thus far of *Sloperton* we have gleaned from the History of the Parish of Bremhill, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, who, after describing the site of Bowden Park, observes—"and let me add, in an age when genius finds its estimation, in the immediate neighbourhood is the cottage of our living Catullus—THOMAS MOORE."

Sloperton is, in our mind's eye, the very seat of calm contemplation and poetic ease; and it is hardly possible to imagine any happiness more complete than an amiable poet enjoying the fruits of his well-earned fame in such a scene of rural repose as that immediately before us; while, to look out from such a nook of quiet upon

Life's fair landscape, marked with light and shade—

is probably not the least poetical of his literary labours.

The vicinity of Sloperton likewise teems with antiquarian attractions. The tract now known as Bowwood is spoken of in Domesday Book as a wood three miles in length, and "descends almost to the verge of the spot where the Abbey of Stanley was situated, founded in this parish (Bremhill) by the Empress Matilda, and her son, Henry the Second; having been transferred from Lockwell, in the forest, about four miles distant. This forest was among the possessions of Henry the first, and was granted to his daughter Matilda after the premature death of his only son. Almost immediately under the hills which terminate its sweep to the north; arose the pinnacles and smoke of the Royal Abbey. The hill, over which, through part of the forest, the road winds from Bath to London, is called Derry Hill: the name, I have no doubt, is derived from the first royal possessor—'De Roy Hill.'"

\* Bowles's History of Bremhill.

Bremhill Parsonage, the residence of another living poet, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, is not far distant from Sloperton; for the reverend owner says—"The garden is on a slope, commanding views of the surrounding country, with the town of Calne in front, the woods of Bowood on the right, and the mansion and woods of Walter Henenge, Esq. towards the south." Again—"Before we part, look round once more. Yonder is the termination of Wiltshire Downs; there winds alone Wandsdike.\* The distant town of Devizes crests the further hill beyond that eminence, the scene of the great battle in the days of Charles the First—Roundway Hill."

As Mr. Moore's Cottage is a perfect gem for any lady's album, we recommend to their fair patronage a picturesque view of *Sloperton*, which first appeared in the print-shops a few months since.†

#### POETS LAUREATE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE following trivial sketch respecting Poets Laureate, may not prove an uninteresting supplement to the pleasant anecdote given by your correspondent, *J. R. S.* in your No. 367.

The custom of *crowning* poets, although it has been frequently varied, will be found to be almost as ancient as poetry itself; and is said to have existed as late as the reign of Theodosius, when being considered a remnant of Paganism, it was abolished.

Poetry revived in all its pristine splendour about the time of Petrarch, who was publicly *laureated* with great pomp, in the Capitol at Rome, on Easter day, 1341. And the introduction of such custom is attributed by the Abbé Resnel to the establishment of Bachelor and Doctor in the Universities, which took place in the same century.

The following *formula*, which was then, and has continued to be used in the Universities, to confer the degree of Bachelor and Doctor, serves to confirm the conjecture of Resnel.

"We, Count and Senator, (Count d'Anguillara, who bestowed the laurel on Petrarch) for us and our college, declare FRANCIS PETRARCH, great poet and historian, and for a special mark of his quality of poet, we have placed with

\* Wandsdike is an immense ditch and vallum, which has been traced with no considerable interruption, from the Severn at Bristol, to Inkpen, in Berkshire. At page 393, the reader will find an interesting relic of Abury, a mine of anti-quarian treasures in Wilts.

† Published by M'Cormick, Paternoster-row.

our hands on his head, a crown of laurel, granting to him, by the tenor of these presents, and by the authority of King Robert, of the senate and the people of Rome, in the poetic as well as in the historic art, and generally in whatever relates to the said arts, as well in this holy city as elsewhere, the free and entire power of reading, disputing, and interpreting, all ancient books, to make new ones, and compose poems, which, God assisting, shall endure from age to age."

In Italy these honours were not of long duration, although Tasso added splendour to the laurel by his acceptance of it. They were lavished without distinction, on the fool, as well as the man of genius. Many received the crown who were unworthy of the distinction, and whose names were a disgrace to those already inaugurated. In fact, it oftener wreathed the temples of a buffoon than a man of talent. It was even bestowed on QUERNO, of whom we meet with the following description in the *Dunciad* :—

"Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,  
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,  
Rome in her Capitol saw *Querno* sit,  
Thron'd on seven hills, the anti-christ of wit."  
*Canto II.*

This man was made Poet Laureate rather out of a freak than from any real merit which he possessed. Leo X. bestowed on him the title of *arch-poet*, although the term *arch-buffoon* would have been by far the more appropriate. His poetry was inspired by the wine cup; and it should be stated, that at his investiture, a new kind of laureated honour was invented for him, in which the foliage of the vine was slyly intermixed with the bays of Apollo: thereby hinting at the dexterity he was accustomed to display, in the use of the Pontiff's goblets.

In Germany, the custom of laureating poets, flourished in the reign of Maximilian the First, who established a poetical college at Vienna, in 1504, at which he bestowed the laurel; but it was no great period of time before it fell into disrepute; owing to the sacred wreath being so often placed on brows on which it faded.

In France there are *Regal Poets*, but no *Poets Laureate*: for I can find none that have ever been solemnly crowned.

The Spaniards, who have always prided themselves on their punctilios and distinctions, and who have in some instances carried them to the very apex of foolery, seem to have had a slight acquaintance with that of *laureate*; but

there is very little information respecting it to be gleaned from their authors.

With regard to England, the chief narrator respecting this custom, is Selden, who gives the anecdote inserted by your correspondent, *J. R. S.* In the *Acts of Rymer*, there is a charter of King Henry VII. bearing the title *pro Poeta Laureato*. Selden states that there is some trace of this distinction to be found in our nation; but it does not appear that our poets ever had the crown of laurel bestowed upon them with that pomp and solemnity which always attended such ceremonial in other countries. Z. F.

### SINGULAR CHARITY AT ROCHESTER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SEEING an account in two late Nos. of *The Mirror*, respecting the Charity at Rochester, I send you some farther particulars. Richard Watts, the founder, appears to have been a man of some note, for in Hasted's *History of Kent*, we have an account of his entertaining Queen Elizabeth on her return from a progress she had made round the coasts of Sussex and Kent, in 1573, at his house at Bully-hill. It is said that when Mr. Watts, at her departure, apologized for the smallness and inconvenience of his house, being ill suited for the reception of so great a princess, the queen in return, made use of the Latin word *Satis* only: signifying by it that she was very well contented with it; after which the house retained the name of *Satis*. He also represented the City of Rochester, in parliament, in the fifth of her reign; he died September 10, 1579, and was buried in the south aisle of the Cathedral, and a monument was erected to his memory in 1736, by the mayor and citizens, in testimony of their gratitude and his merit. By his will, proved September 25, 1579, he ordered that after the marriage or death of his wife, his principal house, called *Satis*, on Bully-hill, and appurtenances, should be sold, and after some legacies paid thereout, the residue should be placed out at interest by the mayor and citizens of Rochester, for the support of an alms-house, then erected, and standing near the market-cross; that there should be added thereto, six rooms for the comfort and abiding of the poor within the city; and that there should be made therein convenient places for six good mattresses or flock beds, and other good and sufficient furniture for poor travellers or wayfaring men to

lodge in, being no common *rogues* or *proctors*; and other conveniences mentioned by your late correspondents. He gave to the mayor and citizens all his other lands and estates, for ever; the annual rents at that time amounted to £36. 16s. 8d. to the poor. His widow, having married about six years afterwards, and doubt arising about the above will, it was agreed that she should keep *Satis*, in consideration of which she should pay one hundred marks towards repairing the alms-house, and also all the monies bequeathed by her husband, clear the land willed of all claims, and convey other lands of the yearly rent of £20.; and the mayor and citizens agreed to set the poor to work, and to provide for travellers as directed. In the above state the charity continued until the year 1672, when the parishes of St. Margaret's and Stroud, exhibited a complaint in Chancery, that they had no share in this charity, left to the poor of the City of Rochester, although part of their parishes was within the precincts of the same; that the estate in London was leased by Mr. Watts for ninety-nine years, at £8. per annum, which lease expired in 1658; that by improvements, it then yielded £200. per annum, and the estates in Chatham brought in yearly £50. above the original value, which was twenty marks; in consequence of which a decree was made, that St. Margaret's parish should receive £30. per annum, till the lease of ninety-nine years of the estate at Chatham should expire; that afterwards they should receive six parts out of thirty, which should from time to time be made by any improvements, over and above the said £30. And that the parish of Stroud should receive £20. on the same condition; and when the said lease expired, four parts out of thirty of the improved rents, together with the £20. per annum, and the remaining twenty parts were decreed to the mayor and citizens of Rochester, for the relief of travellers and other charitable uses. The estates of this charity are now so much improved (says Hasted) that they amount to near £500. per annum. The house appointed for the reception of travellers, was substantially repaired at no inconsiderable expense by the citizens, in 1771. This charity would have been lost to the public (says Lambard in his *Perambulation of Kent*, 1596.) — "by being unskillfully conceited, had thorow the manifold imperfections thereof come to naught, had not Maister Thomas Pagitte, (an apprentice at the lawe of the Middle

Temple) laboured to reforme and rectifie it; by whose meanes the place is now assured of sixtie pounce lands by yeere, and is drawn to order for that purpose."

J. R. S.

### ARMONICO, THE CANINE CONNOISSEUR OF ROME.

ALL Rome could certify the existence of this canine connoisseur, called by the rabblement, "Ciaraballa," and in good society, "il cane armonico," the musical dog.

About two years ago the taste of this dog for music, was remarked by one of the band of the First Regiment of the Line. Every day at the hour of parade, the dog pierced through the crowd, eager after this military and musical banquet. This was at first scarcely noticed by the musician; but his surprise increased when, performing the part of a flute player at the Theatre Valle, on the day of his *debut*, he saw the four-footed amateur of the parade enter the pit, station himself at a small door which led into the orchestra, and remain very attentive during the representation.

Next day the leader of the orchestra, Signor Pellicia, informed by the musician, that he had again perceived the dog, called this new kind of amateur to him; he answered this flattering invitation readily, and laid down at the feet of his protector; from that time he never failed to be in the morning at the parade, and in the evening at the theatre: it was from this circumstance that he received the surname of "il cane armonico." We should wrong him in believing that caresses and attentions were the origin of these habits, for the imputation would be at variance with the following traits:—On a Friday, when the places of amusement were shut, Armonico, without even presenting himself at the Theatre Valle, went to the Piazza di Spagna, and was content to listen to the strolling musicians, who traversed the city during the day and part of the night. On these occasions Armonico did not occupy a less honourable place than at the Valle. These strolling bands who perform serenades, called the "suoni di strade," are surrounded by spectators of all classes. Armonico cut a conspicuous figure, his head bent, his ears pricked up, preceded by the musicians, and followed by the crowd, who respected the place occupied by their Ciaraballa, and avoided disturbing him by caresses. At the season when Oratorios are performed in the Chapel of

La Chiesa nuova, Armonico went there, and easily obtained permission to enjoy the sacred music, for which he had a remarkable predilection. On scores of occasions his musical taste has been remarked and proved; sighs, pricking of ears, low barking for joy, &c. having escaped from him; but we must add, that at the reproduction of ancient operas, Armonico has been found yawning.

The report having gone abroad that hydrophobia was spreading in the city, sentence of death was passed on all wandering animals. A cry of terror was raised on every side in favour of Armonico; but the kindness of the municipality went hand in hand with public anxiety. Public orders were given to spare the dog, and a billet was attached to his collar, on which was inscribed, "Armonico, called Ciaraballa."

One day, however, eleven o'clock had struck at Monte Citorio, and the drum-major had let fall his cane, when every body was alarmed by the absence of Ciaraballa from the military exercises. In the evening he was not at his usual post in the theatre. It was feared he had lost the ticket which protected him; and inquiries were on the eve of being made in the suburbs and environs of Rome; when after three days absence, he appeared one morning at parade: the people sent forth a shout of joy, which was re-echoed in every quarter of Rome; the ranks opened, and Armonico retook his accustomed place amid the joy of the soldiery, and the benevolent smiles of General Bracci and his staff. In the evening, Armonico re-appeared at the Theatre Valle, under a shower of *nougats* (a sort of cakes made of flour and honey.) The city was not illuminated, but the "suoni ambulanti" were organized, to which he was invited, and at which he resumed his old station. He enjoyed an eight days' triumph, and at his death, which happened a short time after this event, the sonnets, the pieces in verse, and the learned dissertations which were showered on his tomb, could scarcely console the musical world of Rome for the death of its "Armonico."

### Select Biography.

COUNT CAPO D'ISTRIAS.

(For the Mirror.)

IN Dr. Granville's account of his *Journey to St. Petersburg*, is given a very lively description of Count Capo d'Istrias, which celebrated character the doctor fell in with at Brussels, on

his journey in company with the Count and Countess Woronzo, to the Imperial city.

"Proceeding without delay," says the doctor, "through the Netherlands, our travellers at Ostend, and again at Brussels, fell in with Capo d'Istrias; as that person is at present filling a post, which if he uses rightly, the opportunities it will afford him, may be looked upon as one of the most important in the European drama of the day; the following notices of him, vague and unsatisfactory as they are, will be read with interest and curiosity:—

"Count Capo d'Istrias was born at Corfu, where he was filling a public situation of trust under government in the year 1802, at the time of my visiting that island, and was held in high esteem by his fellow-citizens. Corfu and the rest of the Ionian Islands were then under the protection of Russia; but enjoyed a form of government of their own, as has been the case since their occupation by Great Britain. The representative of the Russian monarch, at that time residing in Corfu, was Count Mocenigo, a nobleman who, by his impartial conduct, had gained the esteem of persons of all parties. He lived in a style of splendour well becoming his high station, and it was at his hospitable table that I recollect seeing, for the first time, Count Capo d'Istrias. One could observe even at that early period of that gentleman's public career, that he possessed within him all the necessary elements for ensuring his future elevation. General Romieux, the representative of the French Consular Government to the Septinsular Republic, near to whom I sat on that day, said to me, pointing to the Count, 'Cet homme ira bien loin dans la carrière de la diplomatie. Il ne lui faut que des circonstances favorables.' The General's prophecy has long been verified, but its final and most triumphant accomplishment is even now taking place, by the Count's elevation to the chief station in the Greek Government. From the year 1813, when Capo d'Istrias was Minister Plenipotentiary from the Emperor of Russia to the Swiss Cantons, and, for his firm and upright conduct, was honoured with the right of Citizenship by one of the Cantons, to the beginning of 1827, his career has been, with little interruption, a constant succession of highly honourable distinctions. He assisted at all the most important deliberations, in some of those Congresses of Sovereigns which peculiarly mark the diplomatic history of Europe, during the last fif-

teen years; and on the part of Russia affixed his name to the memorable treaty of peace, concluded in Paris on the 20th of November, 1818. In the full enjoyment of the confidence and good opinion of his sovereign, the Emperor Alexander, Count Capo d'Istrias followed his imperial master to St. Petersburg, after the signature of that treaty, where he assumed, in conjunction with Count Nesselrode, the functions of Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.

"The more opportunities I have of conversing with Count Capo d'Istrias, the more convinced I feel of the justice of public opinion in regard to his merits. On one occasion he discoursed at full length on the state of Greece, and the form of Government best adapted for that country. On a subject that had been so long, and so often discussed, I should have thought it impossible for any one to offer anything new. The Count, however, proved by his opinions, corroborated by facts, and an appeal to long experience, that much which is novel, striking, and important, remained yet to be told on so interesting a subject. His notions respecting finances and loans, in particular, made a great impression on my mind. I had never heard those questions treated in so original a manner; nor was I the less struck by the prudence and caution which seemed to mark the sentiments of this statesman. The facility with which, while speaking, he referred to certain facts, led me to remark to him, that his memory appeared surprising. He assured me that the compliment must not generally be applied, and that he never had any memory for precise words and numbers, but only for ideas. In support of this assertion, he related an anecdote respecting his admission as Doctor of Philosophy, in the University of Padua. On that occasion he had endeavoured to commit to memory his thesis, which had previously been approved of by the professors, with a view to his defending it according to custom. But on mounting the rostrum, not a word could he recollect of his composition. He knew well enough what it was all about, recollected the arrangement of the different paragraphs by the help of the ideas which each contained, but the words, the provoking words, escaped his mind's grasp. He hummed, and made the triple bow to his audience twice over, and stood mute; when at last, tired of this mummery, he took the thesis out of his pocket, and began reading it aloud, very coolly, to the great amusement

of the whole assembly. I take it, that this is, in fact, the best kind of memory for men of business: it helps them to retain things and ideas, rather than mere words and the arrangement of phrases.

"We saw a good deal of this distinguished individual during our stay at Brussels. His personal appearance is striking. The squareness and great elevation of his forehead, the extraordinary size of his ears, considerably detached from the back part of his head, and the remarkable paleness of his complexion, give him a very peculiar character. He has a quick and brilliant eye, and a mildness in the expression of his countenance which is very pleasing.

"This nobleman, who for the interest of Greece, had resigned the best portion of his moderate fortune, and was now journeying towards the seat of his government, — declined every assistance proffered to him — travelled by the Diligence, and with a view of being wholly unfettered by foreign influence, had formally resigned all his pensions and other pecuniary emoluments. It is to be hoped that the Greek nation will prove worthy of such personal sacrifices, by the support they will give to the government of their distinguished countryman."

## Useful Domestic Hints.

### SUMMER BEVERAGES, &c.

(From the Family Manual and Servants' Guide.)

#### Italian Lemonade.

This is an elegant beverage for routs, evening parties, &c., and in richness almost equals liqueur. To make about a gallon of it, two dozen lemons should be pared and pressed, and the juice poured on the peels, and allowed to remain on them twelve hours; two pounds of loaf sugar, a quart of white wine, and three quarts of boiling water, should then be added, and subsequently a quart of boiling milk. The whole should then be clarified through a jelly-bag.

#### Orangeade

May be made by steeping the rinds of six China and two Seville oranges in a quart of boiling water, for about six hours. Three pints of water and a pound of sugar should then be made into a syrup, and added to the above, with the juice of twelve China, and of two Seville oranges. The whole, being well stirred, should be passed through a jelly-bag. Should sweetness be wanted, orange-flower water and ca-

pillaire may be added; and, according to taste, two lemons.

#### Syrup of Currants.

In France a pleasant beverage is made from this syrup, mixed with water. Take twenty pounds of ripe currants; prick them, and put them into a vessel on the fire, and let them get just so hot that the greater part shall burst, or the pulps become discoloured. Pour them out gradually into a sieve, and add one pint of cherry juice, prepared in the same way to that of the currants. Place the liquor in a cool cellar, and thirty-six hours afterwards strain the jelly through clean cloths; then add about one pound of lump sugar, and bottle off the syrup till wanted.

#### Raspberry Vinegar.

Mash two quarts of raspberries, let them stand in a pan to get sour; strain the juice through a sieve, and to every pint put a pound of loaf sugar, and a pint of Beaufoy's Crystal Vinegar (or the usual white wine vinegar); let it boil ten minutes, skim, and when cold, bottle.

#### Orgeat.

Blanch two pounds of sweet, and a quarter of a pound of bitter almonds; rub them to a paste in a mortar with water; strain through a tammy, and add four pounds of lump sugar to the liquid. Boil together, with a quarter of a pint of orange-flower water, ten minutes, and skim. When cold, bottle.

#### Iceing Wines.

In the country, ice, for this and other purposes, is kept in a building termed an ice-house. In large town houses ice is likewise preserved in wells; in others, it is obtained from the fishmongers or confectioners; but, where the country residence is not far distant, ice is sometimes sent from thence to the town mansion, in which case the following receipt may be useful:

Fill a barrel of any size with ice, and place it in one so much larger, that a space of from two to three inches be left all round. Fill this space with charcoal, thickly heaped and pressed; cover the mouth of the barrel with six inches of the same substance, and, placing a layer of straw over the whole, bury the treasure in the cellar. Next winter you have only to renew the charcoal at the mouth of the barrel; the rest of the apparatus will last for many years.

Of the various apparatus for producing artificial cold for freezing wine, we believe one invented by Richard Walker, Esq. of Oxford, to be entitled to all the patronage it has received. Under this gentleman's directions, three distinct



kinds of apparatus have been manufactured: one for *freezing water* in the hottest weather; another, for *icing wine*; and the third for *freezing cream*. Other apparatus have been manufactured by Mr. Paterson, late of Bridge-street, Blackfriars: they are commonly known as "*Paterson's Ice Pails*."—Mr. Walker's apparatus for wine is very simple. He merely proposes to add the following portion of freezing powder to each pint of water, in which the decanter of wine is to be placed up to the neck within a cup or can surrounded with water in a tin covered pail. The freezing powder is made as follows: To each pint of water, take three ounces of powdered nitre, and three ounces of powdered sal ammoniac, and Glauber salts in powder, four ounces and a half; the whole to be dissolved in the water. Care should be taken that the surface of the wine is rather below the surface of the freezing mixture. The apparatus for freezing cream is not quite so plain, but much more so than is generally imagined: both are on purely scientific principles, yet so simplified that half an hour's pains will enable any reasonable person thoroughly to understand them.

The icing of wines is too simple to need any instruction from us. By icing Champagne wines before they are used, the tendency to effervesce is in some degree repressed, or only allowed to operate to such an extent as may be compatible with the more perfect flavour that we desire to find in them; but when they are kept cool, this precaution is unnecessary. Silly Champagne is usually drunk iced.

Thus, Champagne gains strength by the cold; but it is disputed whether any but common wines should be iced, and said, that even they would be better if merely cooled with water, which, the same authority thinks, "always gives sufficient coolness to wine, even at the hottest temperature of the dog-days. But it is not only that we should avoid icing wines that are choice; every different kind requires a different degree of cold and warmth. Thus Claret, coming immediately out of the cellar, has not that soft and delicious flavour which gives it its peculiar value. The bottle should be placed, before drinking, where it may obtain warmth. In winter, wine-drinkers always place it before the fire; but Burgundy should be drunk fresh from the cellar."

#### *Mixing a Salad.*

This is a point of proficiency which it is easy to attain with care. The main

point is, to incorporate the several articles required for the sauce, and to serve up at table as fresh as possible.

The herbs should be "morning gathered," and they will be much refreshed by lying an hour or two in spring water. Careful picking, and washing, and drying in a cloth, in the kitchen, are also very important, and the due proportion of each herb requires attention.

The sauce may be thus prepared:—Boil two eggs for ten or twelve minutes, and then put them in cold water for a few minutes, so that the yolks may become quite cold and hard. Rub them through a coarse sieve with a wooden spoon, and mix them with a table-spoonful of water, or cream, and then add two table-spoonfuls of fine flask oil, or melted butter; mix, and add, by degrees, a tea-spoonful of salt, and the same quantity of mustard; mix till smooth, when incorporate with the other ingredients about three table-spoonfuls of vinegar; then pour this sauce down the side of the salad-bowl, but do not stir up the salad till wanted to be eaten; garnish the top of the salad with the white of the eggs cut in slices.

The herbs and ingredients for a salad, and its mixture or sauce, are very various. John Evelyn, an early writer on English gardens, mentions seventy-two herbs, "proper and fit to make sallet with;" and the great Lord Bacon wrote on those matters like a true philosopher. Indian cress has lately been introduced for salads in France; and in salads generally we are perhaps excelled by the French. They use a greater variety of herbs than we do, and substitute flavoured vinegars, in the making of which the Italian warehousemen of Paris pride themselves very highly. English salads contain fewer ingredients, and are more simple: cayenne, a spoonful of soy, or essence of anchovies, makes a savoury addition to a salad. On this point it would not be serviceable to lay down any rule, since so much depends upon the peculiar taste of those for whom the salad is prepared.

#### *Loxster Salad*

Consists of the finest parts of the lobster cut into pieces, and intermixed with salad, the spawn of the lobster being used to colour the sauce of the salad: it has an elegant appearance, and is a nice supper dish. Lobster salads are also made in moulds, when ornaments of the whites of eggs, boiled hard, some black truffles, gherkins, or beet-root, are placed in the mould, with jelly, lobster, &c.; and the whole is set

in ice, and when frozen, turned out of the mould, and served with salad sauce. This is a pretty dish, but should never be attempted but by a skilful hand.

A good receipt for salad sauce is to take the yolks of four eggs, boiled hard, and put them into a mortar with a spoonful of mustard; pound this very fine; add to it salt and pepper, two spoonsful of vinegar, and three of oil, or a spoonful of tarragon vinegar. A little meat jelly may be used at choice, but cream is very unwholesome. Chopped herbs, as chervil, tarragon, &c. should be added according to taste.

## Retrospective Cleanings.

### ANCIENT PALACES.

(For the Mirror.)

We find Athelstan fixing his dwelling on that delectable spot of earth, Addle Hill, which corruptly and unworthily retains his name. Canute had a better taste, and began the fashion of living at Westminster, though even then the British sovereigns were almost as frequently at "our Tower of London," as their charters express it, as at any other residence. From the time of John to that of Henry VIII. they occasionally sojourned within the dark castellations of Bridewell, by the mud and melancholy of Fleet Ditch; and though one would scarcely have thought it a fitting lodging for an emperor, yet the latter monarch put the famous Charles V. there when he made him a visit. Then we are told that Edward I. had a house in Lime-street; and his great grandson, the Black Prince of Wales, owned a tenement in New Fish-street, that is to say, about opposite the Monument; whilst Henry VI., Richard III., and Henry VII. set up their staff at Baynard's Castle, in Upper Thames-street; and he of crooked memory, sometime had a habitation at Crosby House, in Bishopsgate Within. That quiet looking area, by Whitehall, which, as Stow says, "is called Scotland to this day," marks the ancient residence of the tributary sovereigns of Caledonia, when they came hither to the English Parliament; and the Eastern Palace of the heir to the British throne is yet commemorated in the half forgotten name of "Petty Wales," on the south-west side of Tower Hill. What king would now think of an abode in Pope's Head Alley, or riding to dine in Turnwheel-lane, as we are informed Richard II. did, when his brother lay at the "Erber," in 1397, where, by the

by, Henry VI. was virtually deposed. Then we may look at Tower Royal, and think of the times when a monarch's smallclothes cost him "half a crown," for here King Stephen shut himself up with his Flemish forces when Matilda agitated the realm and claimed the diadem. Tempora are indeed "mutantur," and so are tailors' bills, for now instead of holding them "sixpence all too dear," when the original charge is only "half a crown," we are glad enough to obtain them for some twenty half crowns, without the consolation even of calling the schneider "loon—"

"Oh for the days of good King Stephen."

### CHARLES BRANDON,

Who married the Queen Dowager of France, sister to Henry VIII. of England, at a tournament which he held at his wedding, placed the subjoined lines on his horse's trappings, which were half Cloth of Gold and half Frieze, in allusion to his own good fortune:

"Cloth of Gold do not despise,  
Thou art matcht with cloth of Frieze,  
Cloth of Frieze be not too bold,  
Thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold."

### LAMPS AND LANTERNS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE use of lighted lamps in churches and places of devotion, is very ancient. In the city of Fez is a mosque, wherein are nine hundred brazen lamps burning every night. Polydore Virgil ascribes the invention of lamps to the Egyptians; and Herodotus describes a feast of lamps held annually in Egypt.

Epictetus's lantern is said to have been sold for three thousand drachmas; that of Diogenes was held in great veneration among the ancients; and that of Judas is still preserved in the treasury of St. Denys, as a very curious piece of antiquity. Horn lanterns were first introduced into England by King Alfred, about the year 887, in order to preserve his candle time-measurers from the wind.

Mr. Brewer, in his *Introductory Volume to the Beauties of England and Wales*, says, "The architectural character of that fine open and ornamented portion of a church tower, which has been for many ages denominated a lantern, is briefly explained in the *Beauties of Cambridgeshire*, article *Ely Cathedra*—"

\* Brandon is a fine Portrait Character in Mr. Wilmshurst's magnificent Painted Window of the *Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold*, noticed by us a few weeks since.



*dral.* It may not be undesirable to observe, in this page, that lanterns of open stone work, erected on lofty church towers, of a more recent date than the Anglo-Norman era, are supposed by some writers to have been intended to hold lights, in aid of the traveller. In Mr. Britton's *Architectural Antiquities*, are the following remarks concerning this part of the steeple of Boston Church, Lincolnshire. "The lantern, I have no doubt, was intended to be lighted at night, for a sea mark. The church of All Saints, at York, has a lantern very much resembling this of Boston; tradition tells us that anciently a large lamp hung in it, which was lighted in the night time, as a mark for travellers to aim at, in their passage over the immense Forest of Galtres, to this city. There is still the hook of the pulley on which the lamp hung in the steeple." (*Drake's York.*) And Stow tells us, that the steeple of Bow Church, in Cheapside, finished about 1516, had five lanterns; to wit, one at each corner, and one on the top, in the middle upon the arches. "It seemeth that the lanthorns on the top of this steeple were meant to have been glazed, and lights in them to have been placed nightly, in the winter; whereby travellers to the city might have the better sight thereof, and not miss their way."

P. T. W.

JANE SHORE's stature was meane; her hayre of a darke yellow; her face round and full, her eye gray; delicate harmonye being betwxt each part's proportion and each proportion's colour; her bodye fat, whyte and smoothe; her countenance cheereful and like to her condytyon.

#### GAME LAWS.

GAME LAWS may be said to have their origin in William the Conqueror; for he not only seized on all the forests, but pretended an absolute right to them, and instituted arbitrary laws concerning them, unknown before in this kingdom. He confined all hunting or fowling in any of the forests to himself, or such as he should permit or appoint. He punished, with the loss of his eyes, any that were convicted of killing the wild boar, the stag, or roebuck.

In the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I. it was less criminal to murder a man than to kill a beast of the chase. Prelates indulged themselves in the pleasures of the chase. The See of Norwich was at one time possessed of thirteen parks.

HALBERT H.

#### Stone Font in Abury Church.



In vol. xii. of the *Mirror* we gave a view of the Grand Druidical Temple, at Abury, with a few opinions on its date and founders. The *village* of Abury stands within the circumference of the ditch enclosing the monument or temple, and is in part built with the stones which composed it. The only edifice claiming the attention of the topographer is the church, which is described by Mr. Britton, in the *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. xv. as "a stone building, consisting of a nave, two aisles, and a chancel, with a square tower at the west end. Part of the structure is of high antiquity, and unique in its architecture; but the period of its erection is uncertain."

"The *font* in this church is an ancient, curious example of church ornament: it is of a circular form, and is elevated on a basement of stone. Round its upper compartment it is enriched with a scroll nearly resembling that which is frequently used in Grecian architecture; and beneath it is a range of intersecting, circular arches, resting upon twenty-two pillars, the bases of which are fixed upon a fillet surrounding the font."

#### LONG TRAINS.

DR. FULLER, speaking of the quarrels for precedence between the Duchess of Somerset and the Dowager Queen Katherine Parr, observes, that "the train of the queen and the long gown of the Duchess, raised a dust which put out the eyes of both their husbands!"

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES. No. I.

SCENE—*The Family Mansion.*

MR. MRS. AND MISS LONG.

MISS LONG.

Nor go to Town this Spring Papa!  
Mamma! not go to Town!  
I never knew you so unkind,  
You chill me with that frown:  
My sweet Mamma indulge your pet,  
Entreat Papa to go—  
Ah! now I see you're weeping too,  
We shall succeed, I know.

MRS. LONG.

Alas, my child; I've done my best,  
And argued all day long.  
But men are always obstinate,  
Especially when wrong:  
'Tis for my girl I urge the trip,  
Not for myself alas,  
But when I married *had I known*  
.. No matter—let *that pass*!

MR. LONG.

My dear, you know that I abhor  
These silly discontents;  
You're quite absurd; why don't you make  
The people pay their rents?  
I can't afford to take a house—  
— Nay don't put on that snarl;  
For once be happy where you are,  
We'll go to Town next year.

MISS LONG.

Next year, Papa! next year, Mamma!  
You know I'm thirty-two,  
(I call myself but twenty-six,  
So this is *entre nous* :)  
Next year I shall be thirty-three,  
I've not a day to lose,  
Oh let us go to Town at once,  
I'm lost if you refuse.

MRS. LONG.

Your conduct, Sir, is most absurd,  
We went last year in June,  
But Fanny had not a fair chance,  
You took us home so soon:  
Sir Charles was evidently struck,  
I'm sure he would have *popp'd*,  
But then he saw no more of us,  
And so the matter drop.

MR. LONG.

For sixteen springs to Town she went,  
When Town began to fill,  
And sixteen summers she return'd,  
A flirting spinster still!  
And now the times are very bad,  
And tenants in arrears,  
Dear love! I really can't afford  
To go to Town this year.

MRS. LONG.

Dear love, indeed, I ask you, Sir,  
Has any one man got  
One single sixpence he can spare?  
I answer, he has not.  
Yet in *Hant ton* arrivals, still  
I see each neighbour's name;  
If other paupers go to town,  
Why can't we do the same?

MISS LONG.

Does not the Opera contain  
Its customary squeeze?  
Have not the groves of Kensington  
Gay groups beneath the trees?  
At Almack's happy radiant eyes  
Outshine the chandeliers:  
And when I think of dear Hyde Park,  
— I can't restrain my tears.

MRS. LONG.

Of course, my dear! you stay with us?

MR. LONG.

Why no, my love! not so,  
My duties Parliamentary  
Force me, alas! to go.

MRS. LONG.

You can't afford a house in Town

MR. LONG.

No, sweetest! there's the rub:  
But I shall sleep at Butt's you know,  
And dine, love! at the Club.

MRS. LONG.

The Club! I hate that odious word,  
The bane of wedded life;  
Oh! well the roving husband fares,  
But chops may serve the wife!  
And then the thing's a vile excuse,  
Which we *must* take perforce;  
"Where *have* you been this afternoon?"  
"Oh!—at—the Club,"—of course!

MISS LONG.

I hate them all! but I abhor  
The Athenæum most;  
They ask the *Ladies* Wednesday-nights!  
— 'Tis all a braggart boast:  
To show the gilt and *or mou*  
Each eager member strives,  
And seems to say, "Snug quarters these—  
What can we want with wives?"

MRS. LONG.

Come, dearest Fanny! dry your eyes,  
A *little* rouge put on;  
I'll order you a sweet chapeau  
From MARADAN CARSON.  
The Races and the Archeries  
Will very soon be here;  
Cheer up, my love! you shan't be vex'd,  
We'll go to Town next year.  
*New Monthly Magazine.*

### SPECIMEN OF GERMAN GENIUS.

#### *The Churchyard.*

THEY went out. The heavens were unclouded. All the streets of the city of God, lighted with suns, stretched upwards from the narrow crossways of the town to that broad amphitheatre of night in which we breathe the blue æther and drink the night wind. Every social festival ought to be closed and consecrated by a visit to that wide, cool temple, on whose vaulted roof the star-mosaic forms the mighty and sacred image of the Most Holy.

They sauntered along, refreshed and elevated by the swift-winged, spring-like breezes, which sweep the snow from the mountains. All nature gave the promise of a mild winter;—such a winter as leads the poor gently over the darkest quarter of the year without fuel;—such a winter as the wealthy regret, because it furnishes no snow for their gay sledge-parties.

The two men fell into a discourse suited to the sublime aspect of the night. Lenette said nothing. "How near and how small," exclaimed Firmian, "do these pitiful oyster-beds, the villages, lie together! yet when we travel from one

to the other, the way appears to us as long as to a mite which creeps from one name to another on a map; perhaps to higher spirits our globe is but as a ball for children, which their tutor turns about and explains."

"There may, however," said Stiefel, "be still smaller worlds than ours; and, indeed, ours must be of some importance, since Christ died for it."

This remark flowed like warm life-blood into Lenette's heart. Firmian only replied, "For the earth and for them that dwell upon it, more than one Redeemer has died; and I am persuaded that Christ takes many a pious man by the hand, and says—'Thou too hast suffered under Pilate!' Nay, many a seeming Pilate is, in truth, a Messias."

Lenette secretly feared that her husband was an atheist, or, at least, a philosopher. He led them both through winding ways to the churchyard; but, all at once, his eyes were moistened, as if he had passed through a heavy dew. He sought to give vent to his melancholy in philosophical musings, and in this vein he said—"Men and clocks stop, if they are wound up too forcibly. It seems to me that the dim intervals by which sleep and death distribute and sever our existence, prevent the too strongly increasing brightness of one idea, the burning of never-cooled wishes, and the vehement conflux of thoughts; as the planetary systems are divided by wide tracts of dim space, and the solar systems by yet wider. The human mind cannot catch the endless stream of knowledge, which sweeps on through all perpetuity, except it drink in the pauses and breaks of the current. Those mid-summer nights, which we sometimes call sleep, sometimes death, divide that eternal day which would blind our mental eye, into portions of day, and enclose its noontide between morning and evening."

He opened the small, creaking, rattling wicket-gate, inscribed with the pious verse and the memento of the brief span of life. They reached the more considerable graves which lay around the church—the dyke around this fortress. Here stood many an upright stone above the still, motionless body beneath; farther off, lay only the trapdoors which had closed over prostrate men. He brought a naked skull into their company, and raised up this last case of a many-housed spirit in both his hands, and looked in at the empty casements of the ruined palace, and said—"At midnight, one ought to ascend the pulpit, there, within, and lay this scalped

mask of conscious identity on the desk, instead of the bible and hour-glass, and preach from it to the other heads which are as yet cased in their skins. If they have a mind, they may cut off mine when I am dead, and hang it in the church, to the capital of a pillar, like the angels' heads round a font; so that foolish mortals may look, some from above and some from beneath, and see how we float between Heaven and the grave. In our heads, my friends, the worm is still at work, but out of this he has taken his flight, winged, and transformed; for look! here are the two holes, and the kernel crumbled to dust!"

Lenette was frightened at this irreverend jesting in the neighbourhood and domain of ghosts: it was, in reality, only a disguised exaltation of spirit. Suddenly she whispered—"See, something is looking at us over the roof of the charnel-house, and raising itself up!" It was only a cloud, which the evening wind had driven upwards, and which had rested on the roof in the form of a bier; and out of it a hand stretched forth, and close above it a star stood in its brightness over the likeness of a body lying on the bier—just at the heart;—like a white flower stuck in the breast of a bride.—*Jean Paul.—Translated in the New Monthly Magazine.*

#### ANOTHER REMARKABLE CASE OF SPECTRAL ILLUSION.

(See also page 363.)

"It was nearly a month after the last occurrence that Mrs. — was preparing for bed, at about eleven at night, after a somewhat fatiguing drive during the day, and sitting before the dressing-glass, occupied in arranging her hair. She describes her state of mind at the time as listless and drowsy, but fully awake; indeed her fingers were in active motion amongst the papillotes, when she was suddenly startled by seeing in the mirror the figure of a near relative (at the time in Scotland) over her left shoulder; his eyes meeting her's in the glass. The figure was enveloped in *grave-clothes*, closely pinned, as is usual with corpses, round the head and under the chin. Though the eyes were open, the features were solemn and rigid. The dress was decidedly a *shroud*, as Mrs. — remarked even the punctured pattern usually worked in a peculiar manner round the edges of that garment.

"Mrs. — describes herself as sensible of a feeling like what we conceive of fascination, compelling her for a time to gaze on this melancholy apparition,

which was as distinct and vivid as any reflected reality could be; the light of the candles on the dressing-table appearing to shine fully upon it. After a few minutes she turned round to look for the reality of the form over her shoulder. It was not, however, visible; and had also disappeared from the glass when she looked again in that direction.

"Coupled with the previous illusions I related to you, this last apparition becomes more interesting than it would be alone. In the first place, its melancholy, and indeed horrible character, distinguishes it from the others, but brings it still nearer to the ordinary stories of supernatural visitation. At the same time, the possible continuance of such spectral appearances is highly disagreeable, however firm the lady's nerves, and however sound her philosophy.

"2. The mind in this case seems not to have had the remotest influence in raising or dissipating the illusion.

"Mrs. — is convinced there was no train of thought previously passing through her mind likely to have the slightest association with the idea of the relative whose form she suddenly saw with all the distinctness of reality.

"3. The former illusions might be supposed ideas of sensation, sounds, or pictures, reproduced with extraordinary vividness in the same shape and character in which they had been perceived by and stored up in the mind. But in this last case there is a new combination of ideas, which never entered the mind in connection.

"The union of the well-known features with the shroud must have been a pure effort of, or creation of, the mind. There seems, therefore, no reason why, under the same disposition of the nervous system, any monstrous creations of the faculty we call imagination, might not be produced to the eyes and other senses, indeed, with all the qualities that constitute reality, except their endurance, though this should hardly be excepted, since there can be no reason why the appearances may not endure, by a continuance of the conditions, for days or months. I need hardly say that the relative whose ghost was seen after so dismal a fashion, was at the time in perfect health. Had it been otherwise, and that the apparition coincided with illness or death, as has no doubt frequently happened in other instances, our philosophy would have had to stand a severe trial."—*Brewster's Edinburgh Journal of Science.*

## The Naturalist.

### PEARLS.

*Abridged from the Magazine of Natural History.*

PEARLS are not, as poets have feigned,

"rain from the sky  
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea,"

but they are the morbid secretions of an oyster. Several species of *bivalved* shellfish produce them, but the greater number, the finest and the largest, are procured from the *Meleagrina margaritifera Lamarck*, a native of the sea, and of various coasts. A considerable number are likewise taken from the *Unio margaritifera*, which inhabits the rivers of Europe; and it is singular, as remarked by Humboldt,\* that though several species of this genus abound in the rivers of South America, no pearls are ever found in them.

The pearls are situated either in the body of the oyster, or they lie loose between it and the shell, or, lastly, they are fixed to the latter by a kind of neck; and it is said they do not appear until the animal has reached its fourth year. They have a beautiful lustre, which must be familiar to all, but there is nothing peculiar in their chemical composition, consisting merely of carbonate of lime.

The Romans were extravagantly fond of these ornaments, which claimed the first rank after the diamond; and they gave almost incredible prices for them. Julius Cæsar presented Servilia, the mother of M. Brutus, with a pearl worth £48,417. 10s.; and Cleopatra, at a feast with Antony, of which Pliny has given a long and interesting account, swallowed one dissolved in vinegar of the value of £80,729. 3s. 4d. They wore them in great profusion, not only in the ears, and on the fingers, head, and neck, but strung over the whole body; and the men as well as the ladies were thus adorned. The naturalist in deprecating this effeminacy, becomes eloquent, and in his censures there is something, perhaps, not inapplicable to ourselves:—"What have the waves to do with our garments? That element does not rightly receive us unless we are naked. Grant that there is so great a communion betwixt the sea and the belly, what has the sea to do with the back? It is not enough that our food is procured through perils, if perils are not also encountered for our raiment. Thus in all that pertains to the body,

\* Personal Narrative, vol. ii. p. 282.

things acquired at the risk of human life are most pleasing."

The principal fisheries of this people were in the Red Sea, the Gulf of Persia, and the Indian Ocean, the pearls from the former places being the most highly valued as superior in size and lustre; and it is matter of history that Cæsar was induced to invade Britain from some exaggerated accounts he had heard of the pearls of our coasts, or rather of our rivers; but if these were his object he was disappointed, for they were found to be of a bad colour and inferior size, nor have they improved in their reputation.

Ceylon continues to be, as it was in the time of the Romans, the most productive of these ornaments. The ancient fisheries in the Red Sea, however, are now either exhausted or neglected, and cities of the greatest celebrity have in consequence sunk into insignificance or total ruin. Dahalac was the chief port of the pearl trade on the southern part of the Red Sea, and Suakem on the north; and under the Ptolemies, or even long after, in the time of the caliphs, these were islands whose merchants were princes: but their bustle and glory have long since departed, and they are now thinly inhabited by a race of miserable fishermen. Nor are the rivers of Britain now fished, nor were they at any time of much value in this respect. Good pearls have indeed been occasionally found in our river mussel, but too seldom to be worth the search. A notion prevails that Sir Richard Wynn, of Gwydir, Chamberlain to Catherine, Queen of Charles II., presented her majesty with one taken in the Conway, which is to this day honoured with a place in the regal crown. In the last century several of great size were gotten in the rivers of the county of Tyrone and Donegal, in Ireland. One that weighed 36 carats was valued at £40., but being foul lost much of its worth. Other single pearls were sold for £4. 10s., and even for £10. The last was sold a second time to Lady Glenleale, who put it into a necklace, and refused £80. for it from the Duchess of Ormond. In his tour in Scotland, in 1769, Mr. Pennant, from whom the above particulars are borrowed, also mentions a considerable pearl fishery in the vicinity of Perth, from which £10,000. worth was sent to London, from 1761 to 1799; but, by the indiscriminate destruction of the mussels, the fishery was soon exhausted.

After the discovery of America the traffic in pearls passed, in a great mea-

sure, from the east to the shores of the western world. The first Spaniards who landed in Terra Firma found the savages decked with pearl necklaces and bracelets; and among the civilized people of Mexico and Peru they saw pearls of a beautiful form as eagerly sought after as in Europe. The hint was taken; the stations of the oysters were sought out; and cities rose into splendour and affluence in their vicinity, all supported by the profits on these sea-born gems. The first city which owed its rise to this cause was New Cadiz, in the little island of Cubagua; and the writers of that period discourse eloquently of the riches of the first planters, and the luxury they displayed; but now not a vestige of the city remains, and downs of shifting sand cover the desolate island. The same fate soon overtook the other cities; for from various causes, and particularly from the never ceasing and indiscriminate destruction of the *Meleagrinæ*, the banks became exhausted, and towards the end of the sixteenth century this traffic in pearls had dwindled into insignificance. Of its value, when first established, the following extract will afford some notion:—"The *quint*, which the king's officers drew from the produce of pearls, amounted to 15,000 ducats; which, according to the value of the metals in those times, and the extensiveness of the contraband trade, might be considered as a very considerable sum. It appears that till 1530, the value of the pearls sent to Europe amounted yearly, on an average, to more than 800,000 piastres. In order to judge of the importance of this branch of commerce to Seville, Toledo, Antwerp, and Genoa, we should recollect, that at the same period the whole of the mines of America did not furnish two millions of piastres, and that the fleet of Ovando seemed to be of immense wealth, because it contained nearly 2,600 marks of silver. Pearls were so much the more sought after, as the luxury of Asia had been introduced into Europe by two ways diametrically opposite; that of Constantinople, where the *Paleologi* wore garments covered with strings of pearls; and that of Grenada, the residence of the Moorish kings, who displayed at their court all the luxury of the East. The pearls of the East Indies were preferred to those of the West; but the number of the latter which circulated in commerce was no less considerable in the times which immediately followed the discovery of America. In Italy, as well as in Spain, the islet of Cubagua became

the object of numberless mercantile speculations."—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative*, vol. ii. p. 279, 280.

At present Spanish America furnishes no other pearls for trade than those of the Gulf of Panama, and the mouth of the Rio de la Hacha. The bulk of them, as formerly mentioned, are procured from the Indian Ocean, particularly from the Bay of Condeatchy, in Ceylon, the Taprobane of the Romans. It will naturally be inquired how it has happened that in all other stations the oysters have disappeared, while here they continue in undiminished numbers, though fished for centuries. The answer is that the fishery has been conducted in a different manner, and with an eye to the future. The banks, which extend several miles along the coast, are divided into three or four portions, and fished in succession; a repose of three or four years being thus given to the animals to grow and propagate. Further, the beds are carefully surveyed, and the state of the oysters ascertained, previously to their being let or farmed; and the merchant is permitted to fish them for only six or eight weeks; but from the number of holidays observed by the divers of different sects and nations, the fishing days do not in reality much exceed thirty.

The fishing season commences in February, and ends about the beginning of April. During its continuance, there is no spectacle which Ceylon affords more striking to a European than the Bay of Condeatchy. "This desert and barren spot is at that time," says an eye-witness, "converted into a scene which exceeds in novelty and variety almost any thing I ever witnessed. Several thousands of people, of different colours, countries, casts, and occupations, continually passing and repassing in a busy crowd: the vast numbers of small tents and huts erected on the shore, with the bazaar or market-place before each; the multitude of boats returning in the afternoon from the pearl banks, some of them laden with riches; the anxious, expecting countenances of the boat-owners, while the boats are approaching the shore, and the eagerness and avidity with which they run to them when arrived, in hopes of a rich cargo; the vast numbers of jewellers, brokers, merchants, of all colours and all descriptions, both natives and foreigners, who are occupied in some way or other with the pearls, some separating and assorting them, others weighing and ascertaining their number and value, while others are hawking

them about, or drilling and boring them for future use: all these circumstances tend to impress the mind with the value and importance of that object which can of itself create this scene." (*Percival*.) The inference is just, and yet when we remember in what manner and by whose means these vain ornaments are and have been procured, the impressions which such a gay scene conveys come not unalloyed. Poor negroes, sold to slavery, were compelled to dive for them, and we cannot read of the cruel treatment they received from the American Spaniards, without feelings of indignation and horror. Nor is it *methodistical*, but it is wholesome, to view the desolation which overtook their cities, and the departure of the "pomp of their strength," as the just punishment of their wickedness. The divers, it is believed, now employed are not slaves, nor, are they maltreated; but still they drive a laborious trade, and one not void of danger; for the ground shark prowls among the banks, and is ever on the watch to devour them.

The importance of the pearl mussel need not be further dwelt upon, but the reader may form his own opinion on that point from the facts above stated. It should not, however, be omitted, that Linnæus in part owed his elevation to nobility to a discovery he made of causing the fresh-water mussel (*Unio margaritifera*) of Sweden to produce pearls at his pleasure. It is conjectured that he accomplished this by drilling small holes through the shells, but his method is not certainly known, nor is this of any consequence, since it seems to have been soon abandoned. The States of Sweden viewed it at first in such an important light that they rewarded the illustrious naturalist with a premium of 1,800 dollars, (about £450.) which in that country must have been a very considerable sum.

## The Selector;

AND

### LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

#### SAILOR'S LOVE.

THE following is a sailor's description of a young lady whom he imagined fell in love with him on her passage to Madras.

"Bless your hearts, I lost, or, what's all as one as lost, let slip thro' my fingers, on an out'ard-bound vyage to Madras, as nice a little craft as ever hit the fancy o' man—and for why? Because *miss* was too modest to open her mind, and Phill too green, at the time,



to diskiver her drift. She was a reg'lar-built lady—played on your forty-pianor, and wore nothing but silks and satins all the way out to Madras. She'd the wickedest eye, and yet there was never no wickedness in it; for 'twas as blue and as bright as the sea in a calm; but 'twas the most rogishest eye I ever seed with a winch. She used to look under her lee-lid, as was always on the droop, for all the world like the slope of a lower-deck port of a rainy day. There was never — no, *never*, a craft more beautifuller built. *She* wanted no *sheathing* on her bilge, or bends to make her stand up to her sticks. Her bearings were in the right place. She tumbled in, as in course she should, a little aloft. None o' your wall-sided wenchies for Phill. I never knew one on 'em yet as could properly carry their canvass. Her run was as clean as a clipper's; and as for her bow, the le-la Pomone's herself wasn't finer beneath, or fuller above. Whenever 'twas *my* weather-wheel, she was sure to be backing, and filling, and boxing 'bout the binnacle, like a cooper round a cask. There she'd be, one time a larning her compass — another seeing which way her head was—now axing the name o' that rope, then the name o' this; the difference 'twixt a reef and a *true* lover's knot; and then she'd send flyin' such a glance at a fellow as would either shake the ship up in the wind, or make her yaw from her course four or five points. Many and many's the blowin' up she's a-got me. But I take it Miss Morton (for *she* didn't go by a purser's name) took 'em all more at heart nor ever did Phill. 'I so loves the sea,' says she, a day or two after we crosses the Line: 'sailors,' says she, 'are such kind-hearted men. They've such sinnavatin ways with 'em. They takes such care o' their hair; and they seem,' says she 'so fond o' children—even among the very pigs and poultry they've always a pet. Oh, *Mister Farley*,' says she, (for you see, and what's more, I never could come at the cause, she always *would* clap a handle to my name,) 'you *doesn't* know, Mr. Farley,' says she, 'how *much* I doats upon sailors. What *would* I give,' says she, letting fly another flash of her eye—'what *would* I give,' continued Farley, endeavouring to imitate the feminine tone of his quondam love, 'could I only follow their fortunes.' I thinks I now hears her voice—sees her afore me with her half-lowered lid fixed on her tapered foot (for she'd a foot like a Chinese child,) as it peeped from under her petticoat, shoving the

sand, that lay spread upon the deck, into the pitchy seams, as biled out in spite o' the awning. Well, you know, when she says, 'What *would* I give could I only follow their fortunes,'—so much she gets hold o' my mind, that I'm blessed if the ship did'n't broach instantly to, and slap goes, short in the irons, the fore-topmast, and to' gallant studden-sail booms.'—*Tales of a Tar.*

#### MURDER OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

THOUGH Napoleon is now as quiet as his forefathers, yet all that relates to him belongs to the most stirring period of modern history, and his crimes and qualities will form the topic and the lesson of many a generation to come. De Bourrienne's Memoirs of him are undoubtedly the most curious book that has yet appeared relative to this wonder of the nineteenth century. How much of it is exaggeration, or direct falsehood, rests with the writer; though we can readily conceive that De Bourrienne, who himself was a partaker in the crimes and profits of the Napoleon time, must have suppressed a great deal, and *embellished* a great deal more. But where his story tells *against* the hero of his idolatry, we may believe him, for there he is a reluctant witness, and his fancy is forced to succumb to his facts. The horrid murder of the Duc d'Engbien has been denied and doubted, and flung from Talleyrand to Savary, and from Savary on half-a-dozen heads besides. But De Bourrienne fixes it directly on Napoleon, by the fact, that the unfortunate Bourbon's grave was dug before his trial, and almost at the moment of his arrival in Paris!

"On the evening of the day before yesterday, when the prince arrived, I was asked whether I had a room to lodge a prisoner in; I replied, no—that there were only my room and the council chamber. I was told to prepare instantly an apartment in which a prisoner could sleep who was to arrive that evening. I was also desired to dig a pit in the courtyard. I replied that that could not be easily done, as the courtyard was paved. The moat was then fixed upon, and there the pit was dug. The prince arrived at seven o'clock in the evening; he was perishing with cold and hunger. He did not appear dispirited. He said he wanted something to eat, and to go to bed afterwards. His apartment not being yet sufficiently warmed, I took him into my own, and sent into the village for some refreshment. The prince sat down to table, and invited me to eat with him. He

then asked me a number of questions respecting Vincennes—what was going on there, and other particulars. He told me that he had been brought up in the neighbourhood of the castle, and spoke to me with great freedom and kindness.—‘What do they want with me?’ he said. ‘What do they mean to do with me?’ But these questions betrayed no uneasiness or anxiety. My wife, who was ill, was lying in the same room in an alcove closed by a railing. She heard, without being perceived, all our conversation, and she was exceedingly agitated, for she recognised the prince, whose foster-sister she was, and the royal family had given her a pension before the revolution. The prince hastened to bed; but before he could have fallen asleep, the judges sent to request his presence in the council-chamber. I was not present at his examination; but when it was concluded he returned to his chambers, and when they came to read his sentence to him he was in a profound sleep. In a few moments after he was led out for execution. He had so little suspicion of the fate that awaited him, that on descending the staircase leading to the moat, he asked where they were taking him. He received no answer. I went before the prince with a lantern. Feeling the cold air which came up the staircase, he pressed my arm and said, ‘Are they going to put me into a dungeon?’—The rest is known.”

This was the declaration which Harrel, one of the culprits, made to De Bourrienne.—*Monthly Magazine.*

### The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.  
SHAKESPEARE.

#### FIRE OF LONDON.

It does not appear that more than six persons lost their lives by this fire; and of those two or three met their deaths through being too venturesome in going over the ruins.

ACCORDING to Holinshed, eleven o'clock in the forenoon was the customary dinner-hour in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and in that of James I. it was but little later.

#### SOMERSET HOUSE.

ALTOGETHER, the building expenses of this edifice amounted to more than half a million sterling.

In the waste land now forming the grounds of the Charter-house, upwards

of 50,000 human bodies, who had perished by the plague, were in one year consigned to their native dust.

#### ANAGRAMS.

Partial Men.....	Parliament.
Mind his map.....	Midshipman.
Into my arm.....	Matrimony.
Great help.....	Telegraph.
Best in prayer.....	Presbyterian.
Yes Milton.....	Solemnity.
Spare him not.....	Misanthrope.
Queer as mad.....	Masquerade.
Rover eat Pig.....	Prerogative.
Tim in a pet.....	Impatient.
Sly ware.....	Lawyers.
Neat Tailors.....	Alterations.
Nine Thumps.....	Punishment.
Red-nuts and gin....	Understanding.
O poison Pit.....	Opposition.
It cut onion last.....	Constitutional.
Russ Palace.....	Paracelsus.
	W. G. C.

A RUSSIAN author relates in his Notices, (a work which he compiled abroad,) that during the reign of Alexis, gold was as scarce as silver was common, and that consequently a large sum could not be carried without inconvenience. It was therefore the custom to pay visits without money to stake at play; but such was the courtesy and simplicity of manners, that in the respectable houses of Moscow the masters gave the servant bags with thousands of rubles, to distribute to those who played. The company being met, each of them demanded money during the evening of the confidential man, so that in some measure they played at the expense of the host; but the next morning they did not fail to return him the value of what they had taken and lost. These societies, (continues the same writer) were free from pomp and ceremony; every one was at his ease; and loss or gain did not dissipate the general good humour.

W. G. C.

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